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THE
GLOBE
READERS
ILLUSTRATED
BOOK I

MACMILLAN & CO.



NOTE.

THE two parts of the PRIMER went far to exhaust the more simple normal uses of the vowels in combination with single consonants.

BOOK I. introduces the more difficult vowels, the diphthongs, and the combination of two and three consonants. The method of the Primer is closely adhered to. The forms are introduced in gradual and systematic progression; being first arranged in mutually illustrative columns, and then woven into lessons that aim at possessing the interest of narrative. Irregular and exceptional words, all of them quite familiar, are introduced prominently in special type. The rhymes, while apparently relaxing the rigour of system, are carefully selected and arranged in subservience to the main intention. The numerous illustrations aid the lighter purpose of the rhymes.



THE GLOBE READERS.

BOOK I.

COMPILED AND EDITED BY

ALEXANDER F. MURISON, M.A.

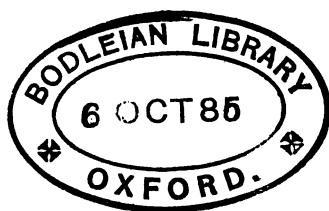
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Author of "First Work in English," &c.*

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BOOK I.

ROBIN AND PUSS.

Little Robin Red-breast
Sat upon a tree.
Up went Pussy Cat,
Down went he.
Down went Pussy Cat,
Away Robin ran.
Said little Robin Red-breast—
“Catch me if you can.”

FOX AND DUCKS.

lax	sex	ox	coax (=cóx)
Max	vex	box	hoax (=hóx)
tax		fox	
wax	fix	pox	
	mix		
	six		

axe (=àx).

The Fox is off to his den. He has been at the coop, and to-day we miss a good fat duck. The cook seems to be lax; she will have to fix up the coop with more care. There are five or six fat ducks that the fox has run off with to his den. But I will vex him yet. Get me my axe.

Come, Max, take that box and fix on the lid at one side—so. Put in this;

it looks like a fat duck, but you see it is not. We are to coax the fox to come from his hole, and then we are to hoax him. Coax him to go into the box; then fix on the lid, put the box on the big ox, and take him home. He may look at the ducks then, but he may not bite them. That will vex him. I will take my axe; we may need it to kill him.

Come, good Master Fox,
There's a fine fat duck;
If you go into the box,
It will be good luck.



DISH OF FISH.

ash	mesh	gùsh	bûsh
cash	lash	hùsh	push
dash	mash	dish	rùsh
gash	rash	fish	tùsh
hash	sash	wish	

wash (*wòsh*).

Max may go to the wood if he like.
He will beat the bush a good deal
be-fore he get the fox. Let us go to
the lake and fish. I do wish a dish of
fish to-day

Hush! Do not be rash. Push the
boat—so. The tide comes up from the
sea. See the waves dash on the rock
and rush off with a gush and a hiss.
Ha! is not that a fish? Pull in the

net. Here he is in the mesh-es of the net. Tush, fish, do not rush and dash and lash with your tail so ; you can not get off. Give him one gash. Wash him well. Let us go home, and see if Max be come back from the bush-es with the fox or the fox's tail.

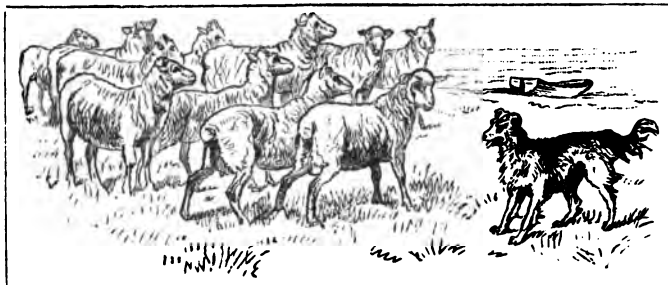
WHO ATE THE FISH ?

Bill took home his fish
To make a nice dish,
And he wished it were time.

For tea ;

But Miss Puss saw his fish
And she wished the nice dish,
And she had it, too, sooner
Than he.

Sly puss was the winner
And ate the nice dinner.



SHIP THE SHEEP.

Shag	shade	shed	shore
sham	shake		shoal
ship	shame	sheep	
shock	shape	shear	shook
shot	share		
		shine	shut
		were.	

Our ship is near the shore. Take care that we do not get a shock upon a shoal or upon a rock. Fire a shot, and let some men pull a boat on shore.

The shot shook the hill where the sheep lay in the shade. It made the sheep shake as well. The men on the hill came from the shed, and the sheep rose up in the shade. The men were there to shear the sheep.

Shag, good dog, take the sheep to the boat at the shore. Be not so shy, Shag, and do not you sham ; go on with the sheep. We will shut up the shed.

The moon had be-gun to shine before Shag and the men had got the sheep to the shore, and from the shore to the boat, and from the boat to the ship. Shine on, moon, as we sail away, and let us see to shun the shoals and the rocks. And, good moon, shine on the dog Shag.

DING-DONG AND DONG-DING.

hang	king	gong	hung
pang	ling	long	lung
rang	ring	-mong	rung
sang	sing	song	sung

who (= *hú*).

Ding-dong, bell,
Puss is in the well.

Who said so ?

Little Tommy Tell.

Ting-a-ling-a-long
I sing a sad song.

Bell, dong-ding,
Ring-a-ting-a-ling.

Who took Puss up ?

Little Tommy King.

So ting-a-ling-a-long,
I sing a glad song.

FENCE AND DANCE.

bank	ink	dance	fence	mince
lank	link	lance	hence	since
rank	rink			wince
sank	sink	dunce	sense	
tank	wink		tense	rinse
sunk		once	(=wìns).	

Can you fence? Well, I did fence once upon a time, but it is long, long a-go. Do not wink, and do not wince, or you will not fence well. This lad has some sense, he is not a dunce. Look, he fences well; he does not wink, nor does he wince.

I cannot fence, but I can dance. But this bank will not do. The rain has sunk into it, and made it dank. There is a leak from the rain-tank too. Have more sense for once.

MEND THE BOAT

and	end	ant	dint	bind
band	bend	bent	hint	find
hand	lend	lent	lint	kind
land	mend	-ment	mint	mind
sand	send	sent	tint	wind }
	wend	went		wind }

bond, fond, pond ; font, mont.

Lend me a hand, Dick. My boat has got a big dint in the fore end ; she ran upon a bank of sand. I sent some men to mend the hole, but I find that they had no mind to do so. They were too fond of sail-ing on the pond, and nev-er went to mend the dint in the end of my boat.

Lo, Dick, bend ov-er the side, and see this bank of shells. Lend me the axe ; I shall send them pack-ing off the side of the boat. Look, the wind rolls them a-long the sand on the shore. You are ve-ry kind, Mas-ter Dick, to have mend-ed my boat.

You are fond of sail-ing on the pond, Dick. Kind-ly hand me the bent oar yond-er ; I did not lend it to the men, but I find they took it and have bent it. Push the boat a-way from the sand. Go a-long the fence to the end of the bank yond-er, and I will fix the boat there, and take you in. We shall not mind the wind, so long as we have good oars. We shall keep near land. This oar pains my hand ; kind-ly lend me your hand-ker-chief to bind it. Pull a-long, then, Mas-ter Dick.



HUMPY, DICK'S MONKEY.

damp	hemp	imp	pomp	dump
camp		limp	romp	hump
hamp-				jump
lamp				lump
ramp				pump

monkey (= *mùngki*).

Did you ever see Dick's pet monkey ? He is a rare imp for fun. Hey ! Look up, Sam. Sam seems to be in the dumps to-day. When he is not in the dumps, he can jump and ramp and romp bet-ter than the dog or the cat. Hey ! Sam-bo Hump-y, do you like nuts ?

That big hump on his back gives him the fine name of Sam-bo Hump-y. O poor Sam-bo, why do you limp ? Is your cage damp ? Give him more nuts ; he is very fond of them. When we are kind to him, he romps and jumps ; and the big lump of a hump does not hamp-er him a bit. But mind your hand there ; Sam-bo may think it fun to fix upon your hand.

TOM'S COLT IS SOLD.

held	gild—gilt	bolt	bold	old
weld	hilt	colt	cold	fold
	kilt	holt	hold	gold
belt	tilt	jolt		sold
felt	wilt			told
melt				
pelt	mild	wild		

sword (=sórd).

Tom has sold his colt. The man he sold the colt to wore a kilt. He is not a mild man, he is a bold man. The colt is not an old colt, it is a wild thing; and Tom told the bold-looking man to hold it with care. If he do not hold it with care, it may bolt off.

Never pelt that wild colt, or it will bolt, as Tom told the man.

The man had his gold in the folds of his kilt, under his belt. He told Tom that he felt not cold with on-ly his kilt on. By his side hung his sword with a hilt fine-ly gilt. He was a bold man, but he spoke mildly. By-and-by he jolt-ed away on his colt.

BATHE NEAR THE BOOTH.

fáith	teéth	kìth	mòth	sóoth
		pith		tooth

hàth		lóth	yóuth
------	--	------	-------

óath

báthe seéthe both bóoth
 loath soothe
 loathe.

Tom and Max wish to bathe in the sea to-day. I am loath to let them both go, un-less I go to bathe with them.

I will remain at the booth ; I am loth to go in. See the waves roar and seethe as they rush in up to the booth. Hear them gush and seethe and hiss as they rush back. You may both bathe, and I will wait.

Let us go home by the near way. No, I loathe that bull and the youth that is with him ; I loathe to hear an oath. The eyes of the youth are red, and his teeth are set. Good youth, do not hit nor pull the bull, but soothe him. Come, then, we may pass.

LATHS FOR THE BATHS.

bār	jār	bāth
car	mar	lath
far	tar	path
are (=ār)	baths (=bādhz)	
	paths (=pādhz)	
these	thick	
those	thin.	

The baths on the riv-er are not far from here. Jump up on my car if you wish to go a-long with me. Take care and not mar your coat with the tar in the jar be-side you. The foot-paths lead-ing to the baths are full of lads go-ing to bathe in the riv-er.

These laths are not thick ; they are thin, like those in the baths. Laths

nev-er are thick. But when I put one as a bar run-ning from side to side, this holds them to-geth-er; and then the laths are not so weak as you seem to think. The tar is to go upon the wood, to keep the rain and the riv-er from soak-ing it and the sun from bending it. Put the jar in the car, and let us be off home.

A CART FOR THE KILT-ED MAN.

bard	art	cord	fort	curd
card	cart	ford	port	surd
hard	dart	lord	sort	
yard	hart			curt
	part	gird	girt	hurt
	tart	bird		

heart (=hārt). sword (=sórd).

The bold man that Tom sold his colt to, came to our yard to-day. He lives in the fort on the hill, and had to pass the ford in the river. His sword hung by his side ; his belt was not on ; but he was gird-ed by a thick cord, pass-ing along the top of his kilt. He spoke curt-ly, not to say tart-ly. Per-haps his legs were cold. He said he was sent for a cart.

And a cart he at once got. For my part, he may have three carts. Per-haps he has not a hard heart and does not hurt any one ; but he is a sort of man that I like to part with as soon as I can.





THE QUEEN'S TARTS.

The Queen of Hearts she made some
tarts

All on a summer's day ;
The Knave of Hearts he stole the
tarts,
And took them all away.

The Queen of Hearts she missed her
tarts,

And sent to tell the King;
The King of Hearts he liked her tarts,
And raged like anything.

The Knave of Hearts, too, liked the
tarts,

And ate up plums and paste;
The King of Hearts, mad for his tarts,
Sent for the Knave in haste.

The King of Hearts took up his darts,
And hit the Knave full sore;
The Knave of Hearts fell shot with
darts,

And ate Queen's tarts no more.



BARN-YARD AND BURN.

arm	barn	born	burn
farm	darn	corn	turn
harm	yarn	horn	
		torn	firm
		worn	form

girl ; curl, furl, hurl, purl.

Lean on my arm, and I will take you to see the farm. Here is the farm-yard ; on-ly ten ricks yet re-main ; but the barn is near-ly full of corn. This is to be sent to the mill at once. The cock and the hens are feed-ing be-side yon old cart ; look at them turn-ing the corn over and over as they feed. When they be-gin to do any harm, this little girl with the long curls turns them away.

The ducks are in the burn. The burn runs purl-ing along one side of

the farm, and then it turns the mill. We shall keep in the road ; I fear that old bull. It is not long since he tore a man's arm with his horns. He is very willing to do harm with his horns. Look, little girl, do you see your curls in the burn as it purls along to the mill ?

SERF AND THE SURF.

ark	jerk	garb	serf
bark		herb	
dark	cork	orb	surf
hark	fork	curb	turf.
lark	pork		
mark			

Hark ! the lark is singing far up in the air. The farm-er does not lie long a-bed in the morn-ing ; for he is to be seen in the farm-yard when it is yet dark, be-fore sun-rise. The lark is



not up and singing before the farmer. Serf, the farmer's dog, is up too, and he barks as the lark and the farmer sing.

The sea is roaring this morning, and the waves are rushing over the sand of the shore up to the very turf. Serf sees a big lump of cork in the surf where the waves dash upon the land. Bark away, Serf. You can-not get hold of it, un-less you take the farmer's fork. The waves may yet send it up to the turf.

LARK'S NEST.

cast	best	fist	dust
fast	lest	hist	gust
last	nest	mist	just
mast	rest		must
past	vest	còst	rust
vast	west	lòst	

hóst, móst, póst.

Hist ! we are very near the lark's nest. We must not go so fast, lest we go past it. It is just about a stone-cast from yon post. I hope we have not lost the nest. Most like-ly we have lost it.

Has the lark lost it too ? There she is up in the mist. That gust of wind has sent her far past the post. But

this wind cannot last long, and she will come back fast.

Are there any eggs in the lark's nest ? No ; but there are three little larks. We must let them alone ; that is best. Poor little things ! Come away, as fast as we can, and let them rest. The lark must wish to rest in her nest, with her little ones.

TASK AND MASK.

ask	desk	gasp
bask		hasp
cask	risk	rasp
mask		
task	dusk	lisp.
	tusk	

Tom, go and ask Dick to come and sit at his desk and do his task. Dick

does not like his task ; he likes best to sit on that cask, and bask in the sun. Serf, too, likes to bask in the sun, from morning till dusk. But when Dick puts on his mask, Serf gets up and barks, and runs till he gasps. Dick likes his mask better than his task.

Put the dog into his box ; there let him gasp till he rest. Fix the hasp as fast as you can. Do put away that mask, Dick, and go on with your task ; and do not up-set that desk. And do not lisp.

BIRCH AND FOLLY.

Birch and green holly, boys,
Birch and green holly ;
If you get beaten, boys,
 'Twill be your own folly.

CAW ! CAW ! CAW !

\bar{o}		\bar{o}	\bar{o}
caw	maw	hawk	dawn
daw	paw	bawl	lawn
jaw	raw		sawn
law	saw	awe (= \bar{o}).	yawn.

What a caw-caw-caw-ing there is in the wood ! The daws are making a fine to-do this morning. They dislike to get up before dawn. Look at this old bird, hopping on that log of sawn timber with his big feet—jump, jump, jump ! Just hear him bawl—caw ! caw ! caw !

It seems as if the jaws of the daws never did tire of cawing. It makes me yawn. See ! yonder is a hawk ; it is not a jackdaw. If that little bawling jackdaw come upon the lawn, he had best not get in the way of puss's paw.

PAW-BALL.

all (=ōl) fall (=fōl)
ball call hall tall.

Thinks Pussy—"That ball
That I see in the hall
Is the best ball of all
That ever I saw;
My kittens I'll call
From the garden wall,
And we'll toss the nice ball
From paw to paw."

So the kittens came all
From the garden wall,
And they tossed the nice ball
From paw to paw;
Thinks Dick—"That's my ball
That I left in the hall,
And this game beats all
That ever I saw."



MAUD AT THE BALL.

gaud (= *gōd*).

Maud

haul (= *hōl*).

maul

Paul

cause (= *kōz*)

pause

mauve.

Maud calls. She is in the hall. She is just come home from the ball. Paul is with Maud in the hall. Paul too was at the ball, and he was the tallest man there. Maud is very tall ; she is not far from being as tall as Paul ; she was the tallest of all the girls at the ball.

Maud is very vain. She likes those mauve ribbons. Just mark how she looks at them, and turns them over. She cannot help doing it again and again. I saw her doing it at the ball. Mauve, she thinks, becomes her so well. There was not any lady at the ball that was so gaudy as Maud. Paul is not vain at all. But he liked to dance with vain Maud at the ball.



PAUL MAULS THREE MEN.

called (= *kōld*) **through** (= *thrú*)
hauled (= *hōld*) **three**
mauled (= *mōld*) **tree**
 against (= *agènst*).

One day Paul went to the wood. He took his axe with him for he was going to fell a thick tree. Paul had cut the tree nearly through, and was just going to haul the top with a thick rope, when three men came up to him. They at once fell upon Paul, and were going to maul him.

Paul held up his axe, and called to them to take care. He then asked what was the cause why they had set upon him. He said he did not see what cause they had to fall upon him. The three men did not say what cause

they had. Then Paul did not pause. Nor did he call for help. He was taller than the tallest of the three men. So he put aside his axe, and fell upon the three men. He took the biggest of all and hauled him against a tree; then he pushed the second against the third, causing them to fall together. Paul did not mind their bawling; he mauled all the three, and caused them to run before him through the wood. They did not fall upon tall Paul again.

FALL FROM A WALL.

Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall,
Humpty Dumpty got a sad fall,
Not all the King's horses and all the
King's men
Will ever set poor Humpty on his wall
again.

TOY-JOYS AND BOILING OIL.

boy		oil	coin
coy	boil	moil	join
joy	coil	soil	loin.
toy	foil	toil	

Willy is a good little boy. He has a big box full of toys. All day long he sits in a corner of the room with his toys, unless when he takes a run in the open air. Little puss shares his joys. She sits with him, and looks on. She nods and winks and purrs at the toys and at Willy, and at Willy and at the toys ; and she looks very wise in-deed.

The men in the yard will not let Willy join them just yet. They are boiling oil in a very big pot over a very red fire.

Look at the toil and moil of the men.
The oil turns over and over in the pot ;
the fire burns so hot. Willy must not
join the men just yet. The oil may boil
over and burn him.

GOOD DAY.

whose (= *hūz*)
thou (= *dhou*).

“ Bow-wow-wow !
Whose dog art thou ? ”

“ I am Rob Roy’s dog ;
Whose dog art thou ? ”

“ I am Jack Horner’s dog.
Bow-wow-wow ! ”



IN THE FARM-YARD.

bow	fowl	thou	house
cow	howl	loud	mouse
how			
now	down	our	out
sow	gown	hour	rout
vow	town	sour	shout
	rouse (=rouz).		

The noise in the farm-yard is as loud as the caw-ing of the jack-daws in the wood. Come now, Serf, with your bow-wow-wow, and make those beasts keep better order. The cows are to go into the cow-house. Howl at those fowls, and make them get out of the way; cocks and hens and ducks and geese and all the rest of them. The old sow with all her pigs must go out of the yard. Come, Serf, rouse them up. Howl very loud to that old sow; she is a stubborn beast.

Lo, there goes the cat. She has seen a mouse near the barn. Poor mouse, run, run fast. Now it is safe in-to the barn, and Miss Puss's paws can't get at it. She looks very sour indeed. How well she enjoys to eat a good fat mouse! Down, Serf; you must not howl at the cat; be off to the house, and do not you look sour too.

HÉW—EWE—MEW.

dew	cue	tube	cure
few	due	duke	-dure
hew	hue	mule	lure
mew	sue	tune	pure
new		dupe	sure
ewe	(yú)	view	(=vyú).

The view from the hill is very fine, and the air is pure. Hew down this oak, and that ash, and those firs; but not this yew. There are many oaks and ashes and firs, but the yews are very few.

Has the Duke yet paid you for the ewe you sold him last year? Yes; and for the mule too. It is due to the Duke to say so.

Hear my new puss mew. I am sure she is looking for me. Here we are, puss. Mew, mew, mew, miau ! Come in ; the dew is falling now.

IN THE DARK NIGHT.

high, nigh, sigh.

fight	right	aught	ought
light	sight	caught	bought
might	tight	naught	fought
night	wight	taught	nought
			sought
			thought.

The house is new and very high ; it must be nigh here, I am sure. I thought I caught sight of it over yonder, a little to the right. But the night is dark, and one might make

a mistake. The wind is high, and there is hardly any light.

We ought to have sought a light at the last house. How the wind sighs in the wood ! I have not sought this meeting to-night ; perhaps I ought not to have come. It might have been better, if I had thought of it, to refuse to come here to-night. See, we have caught the light once more. And yonder is the new high house, I am sure.

COCK-LE-DE-MOY.

“Cockledemoy !

My boy, my boy !”—

“Here, father, here.”—

“Cockledemoy !

My boy, my boy,

What wilt thou do that will give thee
joy ?

Wilt thou ride on the midnight owl ? ”

“ No ; for the weather is stormy and
foul.”

“ Cockledemoy !

My boy, my boy,

What wilt thou do that can give thee
joy ?

With a needle for a sword, and a
thimble for a hat,

Wilt thou fight a battle with the
castle cat ? ”

“ Oh, no ! she has claws, and I like
not that.”

“ Cockledemoy !

My boy, my boy,

What shall we do that can give thee
joy ?

Shall we go seek for a cuckoo’s nest ? ”

“ That’s best, that’s best ! ”

SIR W. SCOTT.

TOM STAYS FROM SCHOOL.

stay	speak	sky	scan
steal	spoke	skill	scare
stole	spend	skin	scold
stand	spent		score
stood	spare	skulk	
start	speed		scorn
storm		school (=skúl).	

Tom is not always a good boy. He sometimes stays away from school, spending the day in sport. But it is not sport when the master speaks about it. That makes Tom start, and ask the master to spare him once more. Now, Tom, you must scorn to skulk about all day; you must spend your

time in school. It is not good to get scolded.

The sky is dark ; I fear a storm. But a storm must not scare you, Tom, now. Run with all your speed, and do not stand to speak to any one on your way to school. Start now, and scorn to let a storm scare you. It will not rain ; and a hail-storm will not wet you.

TOM PLODS TO SCHOOL.

plan	black	flash
play	bleak	flog
plain	blame	flock.
plod	blew	fly
place	blight	flight.

Tom has found a new plan. He goes to school now, and does not steal away

to sport and play. The morning sky may be black, the lightning may flash over the bleak plain, yet Tom plods to school. He must keep his place. The master might flog him, if he were to blame for staying away to play.

The plain is bleak and bare. The cold winds blew over it last week, blighting every plant. The flock of sheep bleat up and down, but find few blades to eat. The blasts of wind send the rain into their eyes and blind them, Poor sheep! when the wind and the rain come, they must seek the shelter of the wood. But Tom plods to school, over the bleak plain.





JACK GOOD-BOY.

Little Jack Horner
 Sat in a corner
 Eating his Christmas pie ;
 He put in his thumb
 And pulled out a plum,
 And said " What a good boy am I ! "



ICE ON THE POND.

praise

pride

prank

prize

prince

brook

brim

brave

breeze

bright

frost

freeze

Fred

Frank

freak.

On one side of the bleak plain near the wood is a little pond. The rains swell the brook to the brim and fill the pond full. Then comes the frost, and all at once freezes the pond hard. All the schoolboys praise the frost; for then they can skip and skate upon the ice.

Fred and Frank are fine brave boys; they are the pride of the master. They are fond of all sorts of pranks and freaks, but they win good prizes as well. One morning a fresh breeze blew upon the hard ice, and the ice became too frail to support the boys. Fred and Frank came up fresh and bright, and went dashing on; the ice broke, and down they went—plump! Little Flo, the boys' sister, ran up to the bank; did she not get a fright? But the pond was not very deep, and the price they paid for their rash skating was a fright and a cold ducking.

PICNIC TO THE SEA-BEACH. (1.)

rich	much	such	
each	coach	chain	chill
beach	poach	chair	chose
reach		cheer	choose
teach	couch	cheat	check
	pouch		
	touch	(= <i>tùch</i>).	

Three cheers ! No school to-day. Get up, each of you ; mount the coach and let us be off to the sea-shore. Such a lazy coach this is ! It will take a long time to reach the beach.

The air is somewhat chill. But cheer up ! Where is my big pouch ? I have such fine things there. What shall we choose ? Here comes a big cake, wishing us to eat him up. He looks to be very

rich ; and such big plums ! I hope he will not cheat us.

Now, then, choose your shares. Let me reach a bit to each of you. Cheer up and eat the rich cake, and the coach will soon reach the beach.

Here we are. Step down on the chair now. The coach will stand till we come back. But what is this chain for ? May I not touch it ? Yes, you may touch it, but you must not go beyond it. The chain is there to check any one from going to that part of the beach. Come this way.

FALL OUT, FALL IN.

Three children sliding on the ice
All on a summer's day,
It so fell out, they all fell in,
The rest they ran away.



PICNIC TO THE SEA-BEACH. (2.)

batch	fetch	ditch	dodge
catch	sketch	hitch	lodge
match		pitch	

	edge		budge
badge	hedge	midge	judge
Madge	ledge	ridge	nudge
	sedge	bridge	

two (= *tú*).

Fred, be so kind as to run to the coach and fetch Madge's sketch-book. Bring it to yon ledge of the rock, and go not too near the edge. Madge wishes to sketch the old bridge and the lodge beside it.

Who wish to bathe? Very well; boys can bathe in one batch beside yonder hedge, and girls can bathe in one batch down beside the rocks. Do not go far in, and dodge the waves as they roll up.

Now for a race. It shall be along the sands, from the ridge of the little hill to the hedge, and back to the bridge. And here is the badge for the winner. I shall be judge of the match. One, two, three,—and off!

Let each one pick up shells and nice round stones to take home. Now the midges are dancing on the surface of the sea, and we must leave the beach.

PICNIC TO THE WOOD.

try	treat	drive	dry
trip	trout	drum	drink
tree	trunk	drove	drop
trot	tramp	draw	drown

Our last picnic was to the sea-shore in a lazy coach. We will try the wood this year. We shall have to take our trip in that same lazy coach once more. Drive on, then, coachman, over the brown dusty road. And Fred shall beat the big drum.

The birds flit from tree to tree, and sing brightly to give us welcome. The sheep trot about, seeking fresh plots to browse upon; there must be a big drove of them here. Look how they

leave little tufts of their fleeces as they brush past the branches of the trees.

Run along now, and pick up flowers—cowslips and daisies and yellow buttercups. Pluck some of those fir-cones, if you can reach them ; but do not eat them. Yonder is the hawthorn, with its pretty blossoms. By and by, perhaps, we shall find blackberries.

Draw those dry logs to the bank of the little brook, and there we shall have our treat, under the long branches of this plane-tree. We may drink freely of the brook.

Fred, do not drop the boy's cap into the burn. Try if you can find any trout. Let Tommy wade in ; no fear at all lest he drown ; the brook is not deep. Meantime the girls and boys are to dance round the trunk of this big tree, under the long branches. Tramp ! tramp ! tramp !



MERRY-GO-ROUND.

Join our hands and round we go,
Round we go,
Merry go round ;
Dance and sing and back we go,
Back we go,
Merry go round.

Wild blossoms fair in our flowing hair,
 Round we go,
 Merry go round ;
 In our flowing hair wild blossoms fair,
 Back we go,
 Merry go round.

So join our hands and dance and sing
 As round we go,
 Merry go round ;
 Happy we as Queen or King,
 As round we go,
 Merry go round.



ON THE GREEN GRASS.

grass	grub	crouch	crush
green	grunt	croak	cream
ground	growl	crawl	cry
great (= <i>grát</i>).			

The grass is now fresh and green. But it is very tender and bends to the ground under our feet. Do not press it too firmly lest you crush it. Do not hurt the tender plants. See how brightly the dew-drops shine on every green blade.

Come, Serf, leave that great greedy old pig to grub and grunt and growl in the farm-yard. Now that the grass is dry, you may roll upon it. What are you crouching down there for? Ah! poor little frog! croak, croak, croak!

Do not crush it with your great paw.
Let it jump or crawl away as it best
can.

Why are you crying, May? The great
black dog came up to me growling and
grinning, and made me spill the cream.
Never mind his growling, May; he will
not hurt you. Do not cry more.
There's a good girl.

RUN FROM THE STORM.

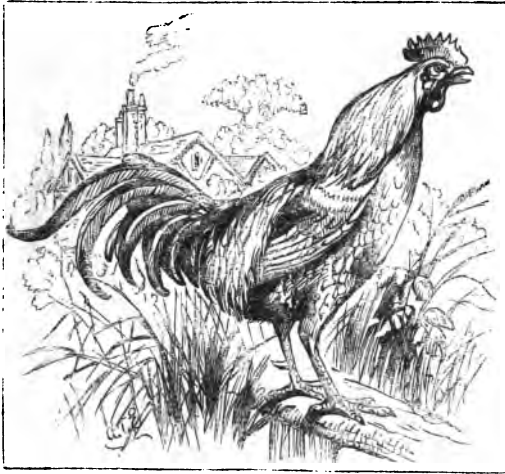
class	cloud	glad	glance
clear	close	glee	glide
clap	cliff	gloom	glum
clock	cloak	glass	globe

reached (= *récht*).

May is glad, because she has reached
the top of her class. She is in great

glee. No more gloom now for May ; her glance is clear and bright. Let her clap her hands and be glad for her high place in her class. It does her great credit indeed.

It is now past five by the school clock. The clouds are still driving across the sky. Come, May, do not look glum ; let me help you to put on your gray cloak. I will take the glass globe in my hand. Keep close to me now, and we shall run home so long as it is clear. The black clouds seem to rest on the gray cliff, and we may be glad if we reach home before it rain. The gloom gets thicker and thicker, and the clouds glide along close upon the ground. Draw your cloak very close about you, and let us plod on round the cliff.



WHY THE COCK CROWS.

The cock doth crow
To let you know
That if you're wise
'Tis time to rise.



SLOW TOM AND SLY TAB.

sloth	smith	snub
sleep	smile	snug
slip	smoke	snore
sly	smite	snarl
though (<i>dhó</i>).		iron.
slow (<i>sló</i>).	small (<i>smōl</i>).	

Big Tom is an old dog now, and he is getting more and more lazy. His master,

the black-smith, calls him Slothful Tom, and Tom Slow, and sometimes Sleepy Tom. But though Tom is both slothful and sleepy, the smith is kind to him, and smiles every time he speaks to him. In the cold days of winter, Tom slinks up near the smith's fire, and lies there snugly. From his snug place he can see the fire burning brightly, or look at the smoke as it curls itself up; and he winks as the smith smites the red-hot iron on his anvil, making the sparks fly.

Tab is a small puss, with sleek glossy coat, and bright restless eye. She slips up to Tom, the sly thing, when she hears him snoring by the fireside, and jumps at his tail, pretending to catch it. Tom does sometimes snarl at her and snub her for her tricks, though he is seldom unkind. Then she sneaks away, and lets Tom have out his sleep. But she thinks herself a very smart puss.

SWING AND SWIM.

twig	twenty	sway	swift
twine	twelve	swell	swim
twice		sweep	swing
	dwell		

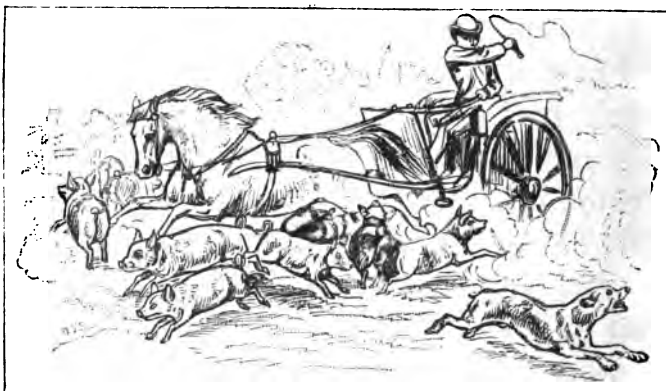
The house that we dwell in has a small garden behind it, with trees all round. There are twenty trees in all, and twelve of them are small ones. The two biggest are at the further end of the garden ; and between them is a nice garden seat. Sam got up into one of those big trees to fix a swing to a branch. He tried twine first, and he fixed his twine to a slight twig ; but when he began to swing himself down,

the twine snapped and the twig cracked, and Sam fell on the grass. Sam did not fix twine on a twig twice.

Fix a thick rope, Sam ; and fix it on a thick branch, firm and fast ; then we will not twit you any more about the twine and the twig.

Now we can swing safely. The branch sways a little as we sweep to and fro, but we shall not fall. Sam has twisted the thick rope firm and fast round one of the thickest branches.

Behind the garden is a small pond. Can you swim ? Let us try, then, how swiftly we can swim across. It is sweet to lie in the boat and to feel the pond swelling, and to hear the wind sweeping through the trees, and to see how it sways their branches to and fro.



WHIRR, WHEELS ; QUICK !

wheel

quite

squeak

whirr

queer

squeal

whirl

quick

squeeze

white

quest

square

through (= *thru*).

What can be the matter with the farmer this morning? He did not say where or why he was going, or when he was to return. A queer thing to do, but quite like him. "Quick, Tom," said he, "out with the new gig, and in with the white pony." Nothing more. So he mounted, and drove quickly away. The whirr of the wheels is in my ears yet,

Old Rover here is no wiser than I am. Poor dog! he whined sadly, when his master told him, with a cut of his whip, to stay at home. The little pigs squeaked, and the bigger swine squealed, as the gig whirled through the midst of them. Poor whining Rover, has the master gone in quest of some new dog? It was surely unkind to leave you behind.

SNOW AND ICE.

low	blow	crow	show
mow	flow	grow	snow
row	glow	throw	know (=nó)
sow	slow		

water (=wōter).

The wind comes down from the north, and it blows a cold blast. It has brought snow and it has driven away the rain. It has blown the snow in an arch over the brook, which flows now beneath it. Take care not to step upon the arch of snow, or you will be sure to fall through into the brook below.

The water in the pond is very low. For the cold north wind has blown

upon it, and the ice lies thick and hard all over it. Show me now how well you can skate. Faster and faster ; you go very slow indeed. Tom bends low, and rushes along with his cheeks all aglow. How soon the water has frozen hard ! The wind will not blow fresh to-night, nor yet to-morrow.

BLOW, NORTH WIND, BLOW

Blow, North Wind, blow,
And bring white snow,
 And drive away the rain ;
Blow, North Wind, blow,
Our cheeks shall glow
 When you bring the ice again.

A SCRAPE ON THE RIVER.

split	scrape	sprain	strain
splice	scream	spread	street
splash	screw	sprawl	stream
splint	scratch	spring	strong
straight (= <i>strát</i>).			

Frank and I live in the same street. One day we set out for a stroll together. It was a splendid spring morning, and the red streaks of dawn were spreading across the sky as we strode along out of our street. When we reached the river, it was flowing in a strong swift stream. We went straight to the bank, and sprang carelessly into a boat.

The sudden strain on the rope was too much, and, though it seemed to

be strong, it stretched quickly and snapped. Some of the strands had been weak, just at a new splice. So the boat shot out into the strong swift stream, and Frank and I went sprawling over in the bottom beside the oars. We had got into a scrape.

And we were fast getting farther into the scrape. For owing to a sudden bend of the river, our boat was borne straight into the middle of the current, right down upon a screw steamer which was coming up slowly. We were not good oarsmen, Frank and I; we splashed and pulled, however, and strove hard to run clear of the steamer. It was of no use to scream. And we got off without a scratch, and at last reached the shore in safety. But Frank has sprained his hand, and cannot spread out his fingers without pain.

JACK SPRAT AND HIS WIFE.

could (=kú^íd)would (=wú^íd)should (=shú^íd).

Jack Sprat could eat no fat,
 His wife could eat no lean;
 And so it was, between the two
 They licked the platter clean.

BROWN BEAR.

bear	break	rough (=rù ^í f)
pear	steak	tough (=tù ^í f)
tear		enough (=enù ^í f)
wear	great	
young (=yù ^í ng)		fruit (=frù ^í t).

The brown bear in this cage seems to
 be quite young. He is a great rough



beast. I dare say he would be glad enough to break through those bars, if he could only do it. He will wear off his shaggy coat, if he rub it so hard upon the bars. Now you great brown bear with the rough coat, here's for you! Gape! Poor fellow, see how he gapes. He will crack his jaws. If you

have no nuts, try him with a pear or an apple ; he likes fruit very well. Perhaps he would like a beef-steak better. Give him a bit of that roll. Ha ! He finds it tough, or perhaps he has had enough.

LITTLE MAN WITH LITTLE GUN.

head (=hèd)

dead (=dèd)

lead (=lèd)

dread (=drèd).

There was a little man,
And he had a little gun,
And his bullets were made
 Of lead, lead, lead ;
By very good luck,
He spied a fat duck,
And sent a bullet flying
 At her head, head, head.



The little fat duck,
 By very good luck,
 Dodged the little man's bullet,
 Crying Quack, quack, quack ;
 Then the little man in dread
 Threw down his gun and lead,
 For he thought he should be dead ;
 And home again he fled
 From her Quack, quack, quack.

HEALTH AND WEALTH

dèaf	hèalth
rèad	wèalth
lèarn	wèather.

Health is better than wealth. The poor old man that we sometimes saw driving out in the fine weather, is dead. He had plenty of wealth, but his health was very bad. He was quite deaf, and had very severe pains in his breast and in his head. I have heard that he was a learned man, and that he did many kind things by stealth. He sat much in the garden and read; and he was very sorry that he was deaf, because he never heard anybody speak and he never heard the birds sing or the wind

sigh or roar through the trees. I would not choose wealth instead of good health. It is far better to be strong than to be rich.

SWARMS OF BEES.

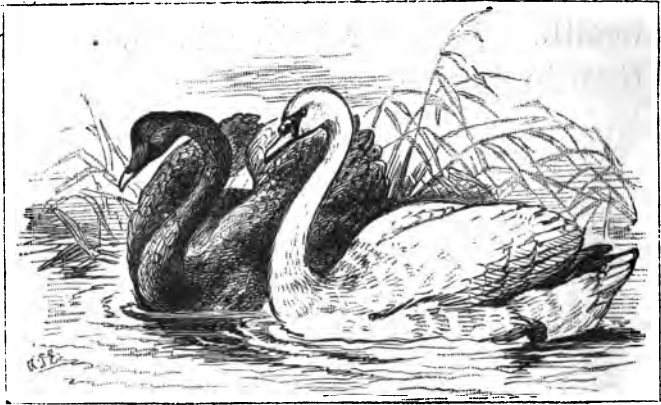
swarm (= *swōrm*)

worth (= *wùrth*).

A swarm of bees in May
Is worth a load of hay.

A swarm of bees in June
Is worth a silver spoon.

A swarm of bees in July
Is hardly worth a fly.



WHITE SWANS AND BLACK.

swan (=swòn)	halt (=hōlt)
watch (=wòch)	salt (=sōlt)
want (=wònt)	warn (=wōrn)
wash (=wòsh)	water (=wōter).

Halt, Tom. Let us lean over the bridge and watch the swans upon the

lake. How proudly they carry their heads ; how finely they curve their long handsome necks ; and with what ease and grace they sail upon the water ! The black swans may be rarer, but they do not look so handsome as the white ones. Do not touch this swan with your wand ; the keeper always warns people not to annoy the birds. She is a proud swan ; she will not wård off your wand, nor mind it at all.

The water is fresh ; it is not salt water. It is quite warm. What does yon fine swan want ? Watch how proudly she swims up, and how the water washes her breast as she sweeps along to the shore. She wants a bit of bread. The keeper, I know, warned that boy not to give the swans bread ; but the swans are eagerly watching the boy and wanting him to cast more bread into the water for them.



WALK AND TALK.

alms (=āms)

balk (=bōk)

balm (=bām)

talk (=tōk)

calm

walk

palm

stalk

gone (=gòn)

money (=mùnì)

shone (=shòn)

laugh (=lāf).

Last night when the moon shone clear and calm, Frank and I set out for a short walk. We had not gone far when we saw a tall old man sitting on the stump of a tree, which had just been felled. He called to us as we were going past, asking for an alms.

We did not talk to him at all; but he would not be balked, and rose and came stalking after us. We were much afraid, but we tried to look calm, and to talk without showing fear. But we would not give the tall old man an alms. Indeed we could not, for we had gone out to our walk without any money in our pockets.

"Just let me look at your palms a moment," said he; "I will tell you what is going to happen to you."

So we showed him our palms, and he looked hard first at the lines across them, then at the moon, and next in

our faces; and at length he told us that we should both soon get great fortunes. But we could not help laughing at this. The tall old man, seeing that we had no money to give him an alms, stalked away.

When he was gone, we walked straight home, talking all the way about the great fortunes the man saw in the palms of our hands. We were sure it was all nonsense, and only a dodge to get money; and we laughed at the man again.

WORK AND PLAY.

Work while you work,
Play while you play ;
This is the way
To be happy and gay.

WORK AND WIN.

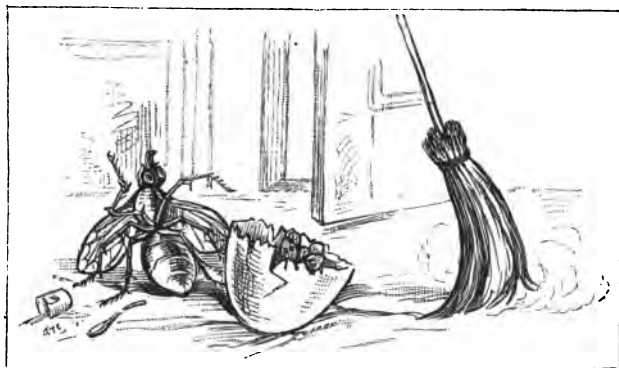
<i>ù</i>	<i>ù</i>	<i>ù</i>	<i>ti</i>
son	come	doth	lose
won	some	other	whose
work			
worse	done	dove	move
	none	love	prove
	tongue (=tùng).		

If that tall old man had tried to take our things out of our pockets, to see if we had any money, what should we have done? Should we have tried to fight him? Perhaps he might have won; and if he had won, and searched our pockets for money, he would have got none. One

of us might have run away ; but then for one to leave the other would have been worse than to stay and lose all our things. We might have used our tongues well, and shouted for some one to come to help us. That might have proved enough to make the fellow move off at once.

Why should not this old man work for money ? He is tall, and he is still strong. Surely he must have worked once upon a time ; I wonder what he can have done with the money that he must have won. I fear he has been a worthless fellow, and has not liked to work ; or, if he has ever worked, I fear he has spent his money in some careless way or other.

I wonder that any one should love to be idle and shirk doing his work. There are not many other things worse than being idle.



THE LADY-BIRD AND THE FLY.

prè-sent-ly, in a very short time,
very soon.

ví-o-lent-ly, with great force, very
much.

ràp-id-ly, quickly, fast.

rustle (= *rùsl*).

door (= *dór*).

floor (= *flór*).

A lady-bird and a fly once lived and kept house together, and they brewed their beer in an egg-shell. One day the lady-bird fell in and was burnt. Then the fly set up such a loud scream that the little door of the room asked, "What are you screaming for, fly?" "Because lady-bird has burnt herself." Then began the door to creak. "Why are you creaking?" asked a little broom in the corner. "Shall I not creak?"

"Lady-bird is burnt,
And little fly weeps."

Then began the broom to sweep with all its might; and presently passed the door a stream, and said, "Why are you sweeping so, broom?" "Shall I not sweep?" replied the broom—

“Lady-bird is burnt,
Little fly weeps,
Little door jars.”

Then said the stream, “So I will run,”
and it began to run rapidly. “Why
are you running so?” asked the fire.
“Shall I not run,” it replied,—

“When Lady-bird is burnt,
And little fly weeps,
Little door jars,
And little broom sweeps?”

Then said the fire, “So will I burn,” and
it burnt into a dreadful flame. A tree
grew near the fire, and it said, “Fire,
why do you burn?” “Shall I not
burn,” it replied,—

“When Lady-bird is burnt,
And little fly weeps,
The little door jars,
And little broom sweeps,
And little stream runs?”

Then said the little tree, “So will I rustle,” and it began to shake so violently that the leaves fell off.

A maiden came by carrying her little pitcher to the well, and she said, “Tree, why do you rustle so?” “Shall I not rustle?” the tree replied—

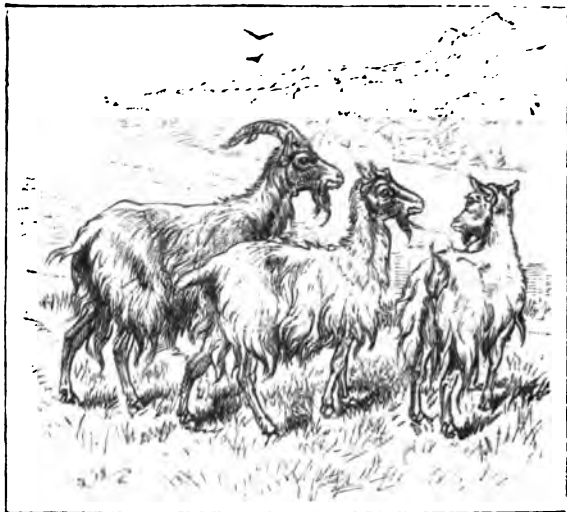
“Lady-bird is burnt,
Little fly weeps,
Little door jars,
Little broom sweeps,
Little stream runs,
And little fire burns.”

“Then I will break my little pitcher,”

said the maiden. So she broke her pitcher. Then said the well as the water flowed out, "Maiden, why dost break thy pitcher?" "Shall I not break my pitcher," she said, "when

"Lady-bird is burnt,
And little fly weeps,
Little door jars,
And little broom sweeps,
Little stream runs,
Little fire burns,
And little tree rustles?"

"Ah!" said the well, "then I will begin to flow," and the water began to flow so rapidly that the maiden, the tree, the stream, the broom, the door, the fly, and the lady-bird were all drowned together.



THREE BILLY-GOATS GRUFF.

saucers (=sō-serz).

tí-ni-est, smallest.

Once upon a time, there were three billy-goats, who were to go up the hill-side to make themselves fat, and the name of all the three was "Gruff."

On the way up was a bridge, over a burn they had to cross ; and under the bridge lived a great ugly Troll, with eyes as big as saucers, and a nose as long as a poker.

So first of all came the youngest billy-goat Gruff, to cross the bridge.

Trip trap ! trip trap ! went the bridge. "*Who's that tripping over my bridge ?*" roared the Troll.

"Oh, it is only I, the tiniest billy-goat Gruff ; and I'm going up the hill-side to make myself fat," said the billy-goat, with such a small voice.

"Now I'm coming to gobble you up," said the Troll.

"Oh no ; pray don't take me. I'm too little—that I am," said the billy-goat ; "wait a bit till the second billy-goat Gruff comes ; he's much bigger."

"Well ! be off with you," said the Troll.

A little while after came the second billy-goat Gruff, to cross the bridge.

TRIP TRAP ! TRIP TRAP ! TRIP TRAP ! went the bridge. "Who's THAT tripping over my bridge ?" roared the Troll.

"Oh, it's the second billy-goat Gruff; and I'm going up the hill-side to make myself fat," said the billy-goat, who hadn't such a small voice.

"Now I'm coming to gobble you up," said the Troll.

"Oh no ; don't take me ; wait a little till the big billy-goat Gruff comes ; he's much bigger."

"Very well ! be off with you," said the Troll.

But just then came the big billy-goat Gruff.

TRIP TRAP ! TRIP TRAP ! TRIP TRAP ! went the bridge, for the billy-

goat was so heavy, that the bridge creaked and groaned under him.

“WHO’S THAT tramping over my bridge?” roared the Troll.

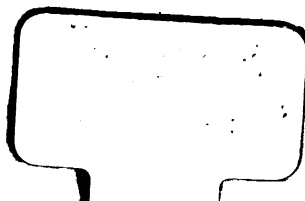
“IT’S I; THE BIG BILLY-GOAT GRUFF,” said the billy-goat, who had an ugly, hoarse voice of his own.

“Now I’m coming to gobble you up,” roared the Troll.

“Well, come along,” said the big billy-goat; and so he ran at the Troll, and poked him with his horns, and tossed him over into the burn, and after that he went up the hill-side.

There the billy-goats got so fat they were scarce able to walk home again; and if the fat hasn’t fallen off them, why, they are fat still; and so—

“Snip, snap, snout,
This tale’s told out.”



NT: *Tales from the Norse.*

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